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Deputy Editor: Sarah Farley
Section Editors: Carey Denton, Christine Hatt,
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Designers: Andy Archer, Jessica Watts
Picture Researcher: Lon Gibbons
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FREE IN
ISSUE 17
Spooky
Pop-up!



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WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MARTIN?



Rob tossed uncomfortably in his bed and drifted
toward wakefulness. It was so hot, unbearably hot.
Kicking the duvet off his legs, he rolled on to his
side, took a deep breath and began to choke uncon-
trollably. The room was lit with an eerie, flickering,
orange glow. The air scalded his throat, and clouds of acrid
smoke stung his eyes.

"Mum, Dad!" he cried, beating at the red-orange flames
licking at his bed. "Mum!" he screamed and sat upright.

Wide-eyed, Rob looked around his cool, darkened bedroom.
The flames had vanished, but sweat trickled down his neck
and soaked his pyjamas.

Rob had been only six when his parents were
killed in a fire that had destroyed their home, a
fire that he alone survived.

His dream brought back jumbled images of
that horrible night. Unlike his nightmare, Rob
had seen no flames that night, just billows of
black, choking smoke. He had felt his way
slowly and painfully out of his bedroom,
along the landing and down the staircase.
Blinded by fumes and tears, he had tried
to open the front door, but it was stuck.
In a panic, Rob had used a lamp to
shatter a window and crawl from the
burning house. That had probably
been the cause of the short, deep
scar he now carried on the left
side of his chest. He didn't
really know. All he knew for
certain was that he was the
only one who had escaped.



Rob ran his fingers over the raised scar. He could hardly remember his parents. The fire had erased everything that might remind him: pictures, cards, the football scrapbook he and his dad had put together. After the tragedy, he lived with his grandparents for four years. But recently they had decided that he needed to be around kids his own age. They sent him to live with his uncle Lester and cousin Martin, whom he had met for the first time earlier that day.

As he sat up in his bed, he listened to the unfamiliar night sounds of his new home. Outside, a dog barked in the moonlight, and somewhere down below a board creaked as the old house settled. And there was something else. A very soft, whining sound was coming from just down the hall, from Martin's room. Then it abruptly stopped.



Rob leaned back and thought about his day as he waited for sleep to return. Uncle Lester looked odd but seemed nice. He and Martin had met Rob at the train and had taken him to the local café for the biggest hot fudge sundae in the world. Uncle Lester had watched him eat every bite and seemed to be very pleased. Martin didn't say much and only had a soft drink. It gave him hiccups, which appeared to worry Uncle Lester a lot ... an awful lot.

Rob felt his eyelids growing heavy.

Maybe Martin was just nervous about all the changes. Rob could certainly understand that. Tomorrow would be his first day at Bridgeport Middle School. As strange as his cousin was, Rob was glad that Martin would be with him. He drifted off to sleep with the slightest smell of phantom smoke still in his nostrils.



The next morning, Rob was very excited as he dressed and hurried downstairs for breakfast. Uncle Lester had prepared toast and scrambled eggs for him, and poured a large glass of freshly squeezed orange juice.

Rob slid into his chair and smiled.

"Good morning, Uncle Lester. This looks great. Thanks."

"Well, you can't get through your first day at school on an empty stomach." Lester smiled and pointed to a brown paper bag on the kitchen counter. "I've made your lunch, too. Don't forget it when you go."

Rob began to munch a buttery triangle of toast and looked at the bag. "Thanks."

The older man held out a small jar of jam towards his nephew. "Here, why don't you try some of this on your toast? It's strawberry."

"No, thanks. I don't like strawberry."

Lester's eyebrows raised slightly in surprise. He looked at the jar in his hand. "You don't like it?"

"No. I'm sorry."

For a moment Lester peered right into Rob's eyes, then placed the jar on the table. "I thought for sure that I - well, never mind."

At the sound of footsteps in the hall, Rob turned to see Martin step into the kitchen. "Hey, Martin, you'd better sit down and have some breakfast before I finish it all."

Martin glanced at the table, then to the brown bag on the counter. "I'm not hungry," he replied. "I'm leaving now." He opened the door and started down the steps, letting the door slam behind him.

Rob gobbled down a last bite of toast and drained his glass of juice. Quickly, he gathered up his notebook and lunch bag. "Wait, Martin," he called, then looked over his shoulder and added, "Thanks, Uncle Lester. See you later."

Lester stood and moved to the door. He waited for several moments watching the two boys, then turned and began to clear the table. He picked up the jam jar and held it in his hand, studying it carefully. "So he doesn't like strawberry."

A little out of breath, Rob caught up with Martin at the bus stop. "Hey, what's the hurry?"

Martin squinted at him as if he were trying to sort something out in his mind. But when the bus pulled up, he got on without a word, sat in the nearest seat and opened a book. Rob sat beside his cousin, and they travelled to school in silence. At noon Rob found Martin alone on a playground bench.

"Hi, Mart. Did you forget your lunch?"

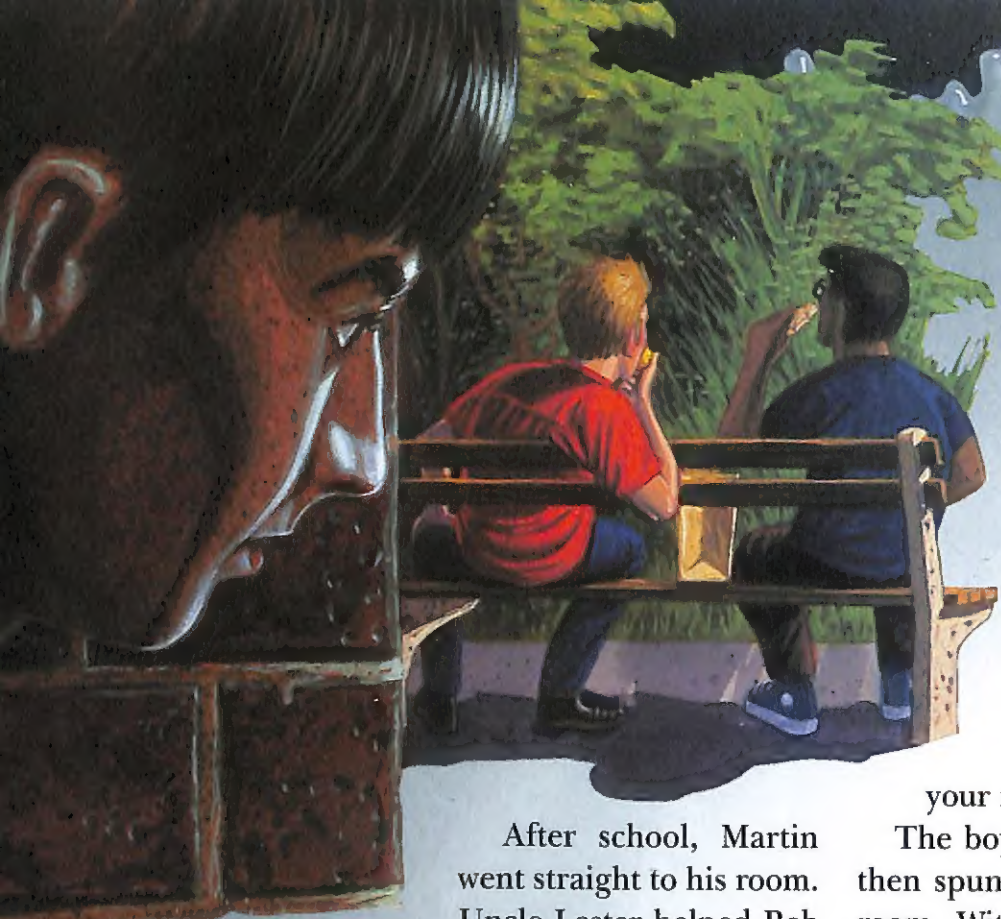
"My name is Martin."

Rob sat on the bench. "OK, I'm sorry. Martin, did you forget your lunch? You can share mine."

"I don't eat lunch," Martin snapped and walked away. For a moment Rob stared after him, then he felt a friendly hand on his shoulder.

"Don't worry. He's been like that a lot recently." Rob looked up and recognized the boy as one of his new classmates. "I'm Bill. And I'd be happy to share your lunch. What have you got?" The two boys checked out the contents of the paper bag and were soon chattering like lifelong friends. In the shadows of a nearby corridor, Martin gazed at them stone-faced.





After school, Martin went straight to his room.

Uncle Lester helped Rob with his homework, then they worked on a jigsaw puzzle together. Rob became totally absorbed and managed to put the pieces into place one after another. He had the entire picture completed when he realised that Uncle Lester was sitting back, observing him and checking the time on a small stopwatch.

"Whew!" Lester whistled softly. "That's the best time yet."

Rob opened his mouth to ask what he meant, then paused. Martin was standing at the edge of the table. With one hand, he swept the puzzle to the floor and glared at Lester. "Was that fast enough? Or maybe it could do with a few further adjustments."

"Martin!" Uncle Lester sounded very angry. "Go to your room."

"What if I don't want to? What if I just stay right here, and we all have a nice little talk. Like about family. How about it, cousin? Don't you want to know all about our family? I'd like to tell you, but you see, I can't. I mean I really can't. If I try, I'll just

shut down again." Fists clenched, he turned to gaze bitterly at Lester. "You really should tell him, you know. He shouldn't have to find out like I did ... when things start to go wrong. But then, this couldn't happen to him. Could it?" Martin glared hatefully at Rob. "He's too perfect."

Lester raised himself out of his chair. His voice was curiously deep. "Martin, go to your room, now!"

The boy stood defiantly for a moment, then spun round and marched out of the room. Without a word, Uncle Lester followed. A moment later came the sound of a door closing upstairs.

Picking up puzzle pieces from the floor, Rob thought, There is something really weird going on here. What was it that Martin wanted to tell him? What did he mean by "shut down"? Was he sick? Was he just jealous? Rob crossed to the fireplace to warm his hands. He looked at the collection of photographs framed on the mantelpiece, then realised that something wasn't quite right.



All the pictures of Martin and Lester seemed to be recent, and there wasn't a single picture of Martin's mother. She had died a year ago in a car accident just before Uncle Lester moved to Bridgeport. Maybe it was still too difficult for them to see a reminder of her. Maybe that was why there were no

photographs. But there were no pictures of Martin as he was growing up either. Rob made up his mind. Later, after Uncle Lester was asleep, he was going to talk to Martin. He was going to find out once and for all what was going on.



That night Rob tried to stay awake until he was sure that Lester had gone to bed, but sleep crept up on him, and his dream returned. In it he was lying on the front lawn of his home. He felt the terrible heat from the fire as it consumed everything in its path. He heard the shriek of a siren that was coming closer and closer.

All at once, wide awake, Rob sat straight up in bed. The sound stopped, but he had heard it. It wasn't part of his dream. It was a whining noise like the squeal of metal against metal. He strained to listen. Was that something being dragged across the floor? Where was the sound coming from? He slipped out of bed and tiptoed softly into the hall. Now a light tapping noise echoed down the corridor. It was coming from Martin's room. Rob crept closer and reached for the doorknob. He turned it slightly, enough to know that it was locked. Staring at the door, Rob stepped back, and his bare foot landed on something small, warm and soft. The something squealed and raced down the hall. Rob jumped, lost his balance and fell against the door. The intruder had only been a frightened mouse. Once the commotion was over, there was no longer any sound at all com-

ing from Martin's room. Whatever was going on had stopped. He listened at the door, then whispered, "Martin? Can I come in?" Silence. "Martin, are you OK?" I want to talk to you." Only silence.

The next day was Saturday. Rob was surprised when Uncle Lester explained that Martin had gone to visit a friend in nearby Riverside and would be away for the entire weekend. He claimed that he had driven Martin over himself, earlier that morning. Rob wasn't convinced, but he didn't ask any questions. Instead, he planned to find the answers himself.

That night after dinner, Lester wanted to work on a new puzzle.

"No thanks, Uncle Lester. I've got a bit of a stomach-ache." Rob



watched Uncle Lester's eyes widen, then narrow in disbelief. "I might go to bed."

"All right," Lester scowled. For a moment he seemed annoyed, then a different expression came over his face, one that frightened Rob. It was as if he had suddenly made up his mind about something. "It won't hurt both of us to get some extra rest."

Once upstairs, Rob waited in his bed. When the house was silent, Rob crawled out of bed and crept soundlessly to the stairs, edging down them carefully one at a time. The bottom step creaked slightly under his weight. He paused, then continued on until he reached the door to Lester's study. It was ajar and he slipped in. On the wall above the desk was a board with several hooks. Single, labelled keys hung from each hook.

Two of the keys had no labels. He lifted them both from their hooks and headed for Martin's room. He tried the door, but it was locked. Rob slid the first of the two keys into the lock. It turned and, with a sharp click, the door opened.

The room was dreadfully dark and smelled of oil and ash. Rob had to grope along the wall as he moved inside. He wasn't really sure what he was looking for, but he knew that something was very wrong, and this room held the clue to what that was. Strangely, there was no furniture in his way. Instead there seemed to be some sort of metal tools hanging from hooks on the wall. When his eyes grew used to the dark, he could see a table in the centre of the room. There was something on it. He walked over and reached out to touch the object. It fell to the ground with a thump. Rob felt a scream well up in his throat. It was Martin's head!



Suddenly, the room was filled with light. Rob backed against the wall when he saw Uncle Lester standing in the doorway with a broad, flat tool in his hand.

"I'm really sorry you saw this, boy," Lester growled. "I didn't count on your being so curious. You're supposed to do everything in moderation."

As Lester moved towards him, Rob edged away. With a slight bump, his shoulder touched something cool and smooth. Hesitantly, he turned and recognised Martin's headless form propped up against the wall. Electric wires stood out from the neck like tentacles. He peeked down at the head in the centre of the room. Its sightless eyes stared at the ceiling.

Lester pressed closer. "Yes. Martin is a robot. When I first made him, he seemed perfect. I thought of everything. I invented a history for him so that the neighbours wouldn't be curious about where his mother was, then I programmed it into his memory. No one suspected, not even Martin – until that day when he tripped and fell. After that, he

never could eat or sleep right. I tried to fix the problem, but it just got worse. When his memory failed and he discovered the truth – well, he was only a prototype. I had planned to replace him with a much better model. No one would be the wiser. But now you know far too much."



Lester raised the bizarre tool in his hand. Rob looked round for a way out. "Look, Uncle Lester, I won't say a thing to anyone. I just want to go back home."

"That's quite impossible, Rob. You see, you never lived 'at home'. I had to provide a suitable background for you, too, so the neighbours wouldn't suspect anything."

"What are you talking about?" Rob searched frantically for an escape route. "I lived with my grandma and grandpa. They took me in after the fire."

Lester smiled. "Yes, the fire. The one that destroyed all evidence of your parents. Clever touch, eh? It was just a part of the program. Don't worry, with a few adjustments and the removal of recent memories, you'll be fine. You see, Martin could not be repaired." He grabbed Rob and moved the tool to the chest scar. The tool slipped in easily. Rob felt a strange release.... "But he wasn't my finest achievement."

Rob gaped at the blinking lights in the opened compartment in his chest. "You are."



THE END

OUR HAUNTED WORLD



Explore the mysteries of Brazil and discover the dark secrets that lie hidden in the dense jungle...

BRAZIL CHILLS OUT

Two huge blocks of ice fell on Sao Paulo on the 11th and 15th of July, 1997. The first weighed 50 kilos and made an enormous hole in the roof of the bus factory at Campinas. The second fell about 60km further north and created a big crater in the ground. The local airport announced that no planes had been in the area when the ice blocks fell! This meant that officials could not blame the falling ice blocks on passing aircraft. So where did they come from?

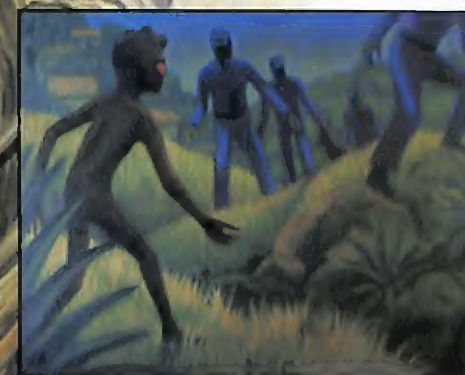
SLITHERY TABATINGA TERROR

Lieutenant Colonel Percy Fawcett, the great explorer, was canoeing along western Brazil's Rio Abuna in 1907, when a giant anaconda surfaced – scarily close to his canoe! As the snake slid ashore, Fawcett shot it dead, then measured it. It was nearly 19 metres long! In 1948, a 35-metre specimen terrorised soldiers at Fort Tabatinga. That snake took 500 machine-gun bullets to kill! Even more monstrous water-boas have since been reported, inspiring the 1997 film, *Anaconda*.



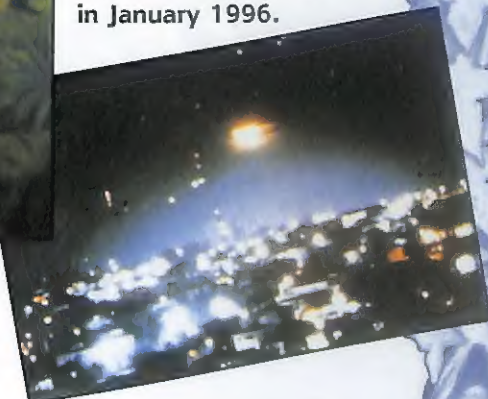
UFOs No MIRAGE!

Residents of Sao Paulo report more UFOs than anywhere else in the world! While a few can be explained, many cannot. The twelve UFOs that surrounded a Dassault Mirage III fighter plane over Sao Paulo in 1986 were at first invisible to the pilot. But they clearly showed up on the Air Force's radar. Only when the mystery objects speeded above the plane could the pilot see them. They looked like multi-coloured ping-pong balls. Another incident involved an anonymous witness who saw a 'flying disc' explode over the beach at Ubatuba. Samples of metal from the disc were analysed by scientists. They were found to be pure magnesium, made in an unknown way!



◀ An artist's view of the alleged capture of aliens by the Brazilian authorities in January 1996.

▶ Caught on camera in 1984. Could this be a UFO hovering over Sao Paulo?



MONKEY MUNCHER!

The venus fly-trap is a well-known meat-eating plant, but in the early 1970s, Brazilian explorer Mariano da Silva discovered a carnivorous tree near the Brazilian border with Guyana! This tree uses a vicious trick to catch its dinner – it puts out a scent that monkeys cannot resist. They are lured to the tree and climb its trunk. As the monkey starts to climb, the tree's large leaves swiftly wrap around the unsuspecting creature, and completely enfold it. A few days later, the leaves unfurl and out drop the bones of the unlucky monkey! By this time, every scrap of flesh has been removed and consumed by the hungry tree. Although known to the local people, scientists have yet to examine a living specimen of this deeply spooky tree!

STITCHED UP!

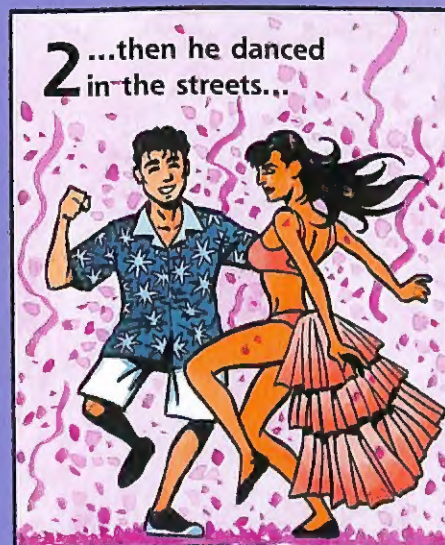
A friend of a friend decided to go to Brazil for the Rio Carnival...



1 Many Brazilians spend all year designing their masks and costumes. The young traveller took loads of photos...



2 ...then he danced in the streets...

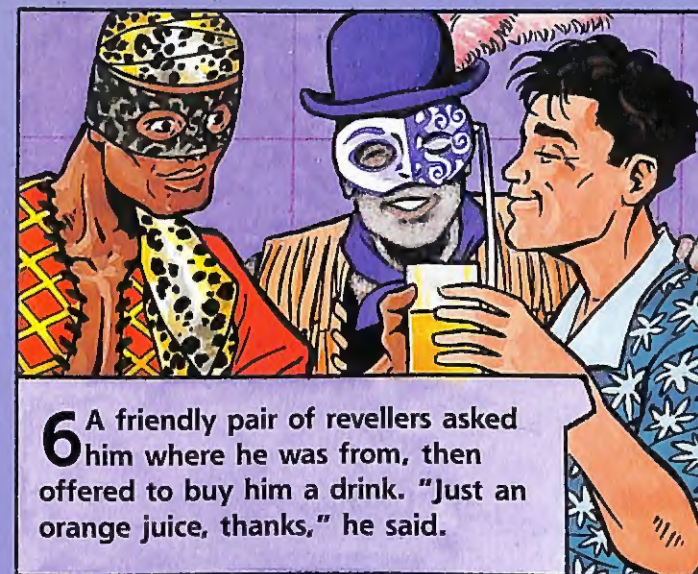


4 ...and drank from many passing bottles.



3 ...and partied all night long...

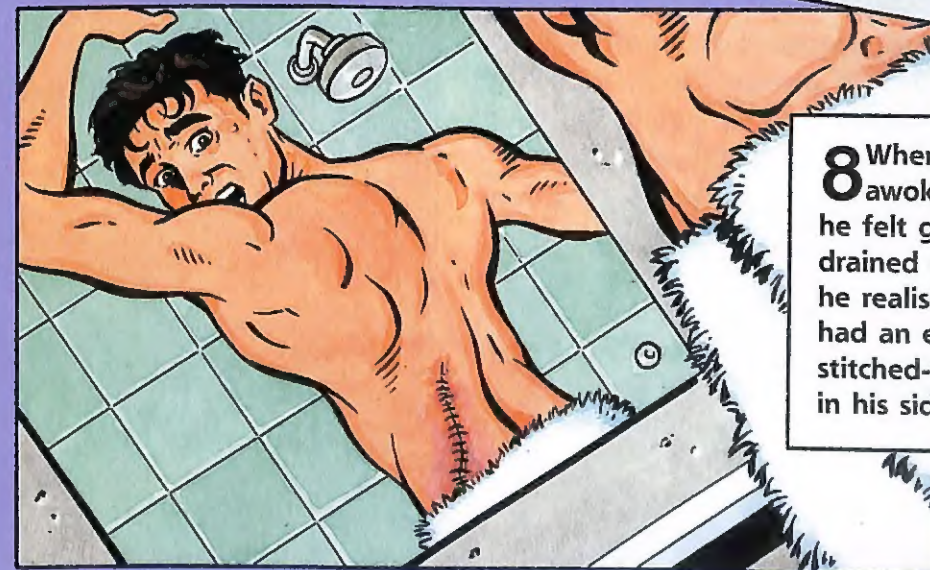
5 Finally, exhausted, he fell into a bar near his cheap hotel.



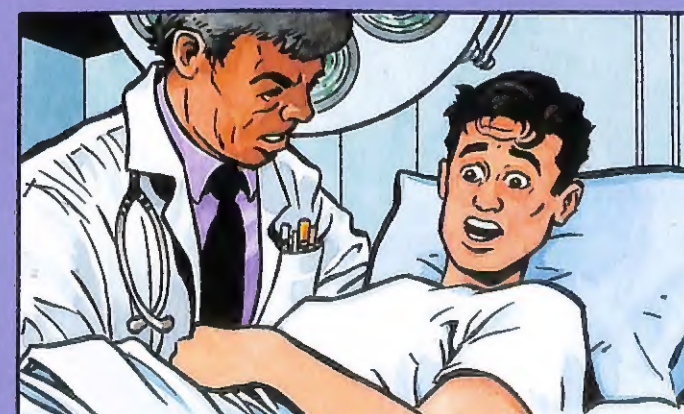
6 A friendly pair of revellers asked him where he was from, then offered to buy him a drink. "Just an orange juice, thanks," he said.



7 He downed that and suddenly felt very strange. The couple helped him back to his hotel room.



8 When he eventually awoke in his room, he felt ghastly. His face drained of colour when he realised that he now had an enormous, stitched-up knife wound in his side!



9 He took a cab to the nearest hospital only to be told that while he'd lain drugged and unconscious, someone had operated on him and stolen one of his kidneys!

P.S Selling spare body parts is now a booming business worldwide – and a kidney can't tell anyone where it came from!



THE TEDWORTH DRUMMER

Special Investigation File: 16

Subject: repeated hauntings by a phantom 17th-century drummer
Place: Tedworth, Wiltshire, England

SpineChiller creates a file

BACKGROUND INFORMATION

During the 17th century, beggars were a common sight on England's streets. But to ask for money legally, these men and women had to have a licence. One beggar, William Drury, had been a soldier in Oliver Cromwell's army during the English Civil War. He often played a drum as he collected money. In March 1661, magistrate John Mompesson saw him pestering the public for cash in the town of Ludgershall, Wiltshire. Mompesson proved Drury's licence to be a fake and had the beggar thrown in prison and his drum confiscated. But Drury was soon released and the drum sent to Mompesson's house in the nearby Wiltshire village of Tedworth. It was then that the magistrate's troubles really began.

A RECTOR'S DIARY October 1661

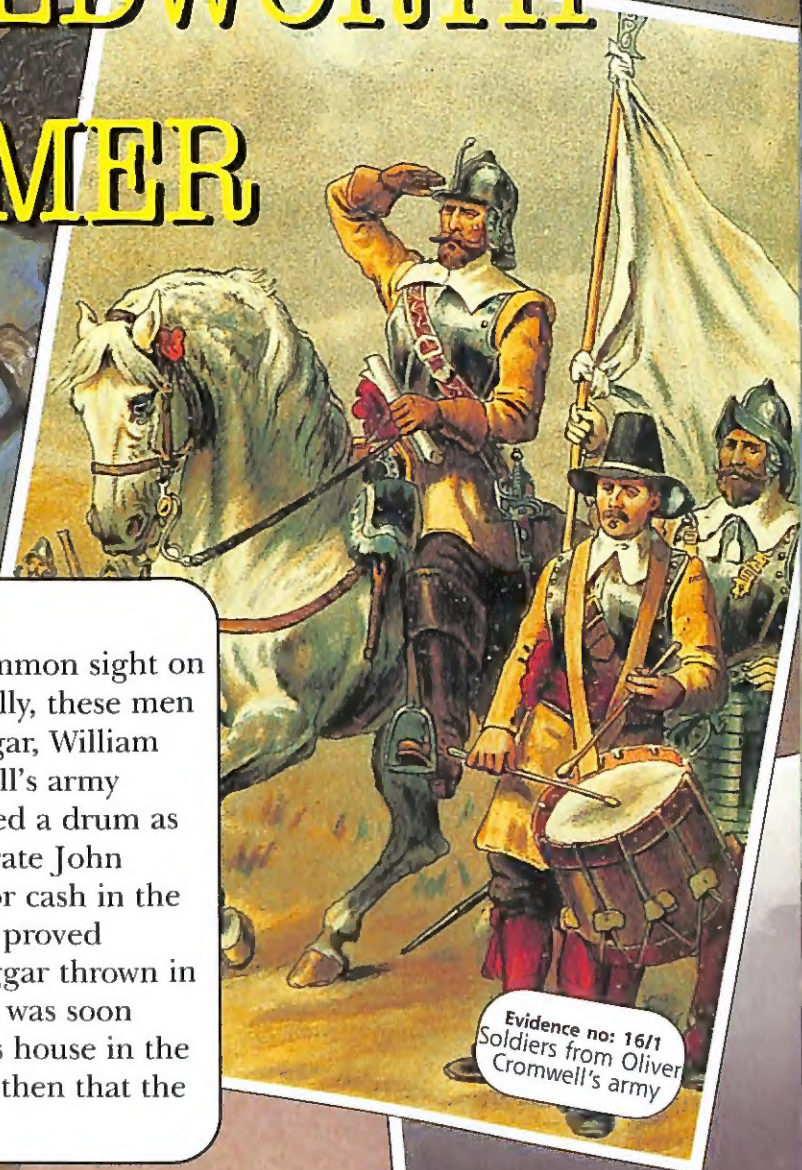
John Mompesson, a respectable magistrate from the nearby parish of Tedworth, has been tormented by a phantom drummer since May. He threatened the invisible musician with pistols, but it had no effect.

John Mompesson's wife had their youngest child earlier this month, and for three weeks the house was quiet. But now the drummer has returned.

November 1661

The Tedworth Drummer now plays regimental marches and hurls the Mompesson daughters from their beds. Reverend Cragg, my colleague from Tedworth, has been asked to visit the house and cast out the ghost.

At the Mompesson house, Reverend Cragg witnessed furniture and shoes flying through the air, as well as loud drumming. Part of a bed even hit him on the leg. But despite Cragg's prayers, the drummer's activities continue to disturb the whole family.



Evidence no: 16/1
Soldiers from Oliver Cromwell's army

EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT

Priest and scientist Joseph Glanvill went to Tedworth in 1662 to collect eye-witness accounts of the phantom's antics. He later recorded them in a book called 'Saducismus Triumphatus' (1681). This extract comes from it.

It was noted, that when the noise was loudest, and came with the most sudden and surprising violence, no Dog about the House would move, though the knocking was oft so boisterous and rude, that it hath... awakened the Neighbours in the Village... The Servants were sometimes lift up with their Beds, and then let gently down again without hurt, at other times it would lie like a great weight upon their Feet.

Evidence no: 16/2
Tedworth, Wiltshire, now known as North Tidworth



Evidence no: 16/3
Illustration of the Mompesson house from Glanvill's book

Evidence no: 16/4
Illustration of the Tedworth Drummer from a book of legends



Unexplained

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED?

William Drury may have been the Tedworth Drummer. The hauntings began when his drum arrived at the Mompessons' house, and continued for about two years. Drury spent some of that time in a Gloucester prison for stealing pigs. Mysteriously, the ghostly activity stopped while he was behind bars. Later, the former beggar was tried for witchcraft. Although he was found not guilty, he was sent to North America on a convict ship in 1663. From then on, the Tedworth Drummer was heard no more. But exactly how Drury once filled the Mompesson house with spooky sounds and mysterious movements remains unknown.



Chapter 2

The Real & The Counterfeit

Retold from the story by Mrs. Alfred Baldwin

Hugh Armitage thought of several ingenious schemes to make the Cistercian monk's ghost reappear at Stonecroft. It struck him that it would be a double triumph if both his friends saw the apparition. Musgrave believed in ghosts and Lawley, though he claimed to be unsure, could be convinced of their existence.

Circumstances were favourable for Armitage's plot. The moon was rising late and, on consulting his almanac, he saw that in three nights' time it would come up at 2 a.m. An hour later, the end of the gallery would be flooded with light. But Armitage needed an accomplice who could sew, to run up a convincing imitation of a Cistercian monk's white robe and hood.

The next day, when the three friends took the Harradine girls out in their sledges, Armitage spoke to the youngest, Kate. Pushing her sledge over the hard snow, he bent forward and whispered, "I want you to help me play a practical joke on Musgrave and Lawley. Will you

promise to keep it a secret?"

"Gladly. What sort of practical joke do you have in mind?"

"I want to make Musgrave believe he has seen the ghost his grandfather saw."

"What a good idea! He's always going on about it. But what if it startles him more than you intend?" asked Kate. "It's one thing to want to see a ghost and quite another to see it."

"Don't worry about Musgrave,"

Armitage replied. "We'll be doing him a favour, helping him see what he's wanted to see for so long. Lawley will catch sight of it as

well. And two strong men are surely a match for one home-made ghost."

"Well, if you think it's a safe trick to play," said Kate. "How can I help?"

"Can you make something that will roughly resemble a white Cistercian habit? I'd do it myself, but I'm hopeless at sewing."

Kate laughed. "I can easily make something from a white dressing gown and fasten a hood to it."

Armitage told her the details of his scheme. On the chosen night, when the moon had risen and he was sure that the others were fast asleep, he would dress as the monk, put out the candles and go out into the gallery. "Then I'll slam the door loudly. That was the noise that roused the old grandfather, so it should bring them out of their rooms. Lawley's door is next to mine, Musgrave's opposite. So each will have a magnificent view of the monk at the same time."

"What if they find you out?" asked Kate.

"They won't. I'll be standing with

the cowl over my face

and my back to the

moonlight. In spite of

Musgrave's longing to see a ghost, I don't think he'll like it when he does. Nor will

Lawley. They'll probably

dart back into their

rooms and lock

themselves in.

That'll give me

time to get

back to my

room, strip

off the habit

and hide it. Then,

when they come to tell

me what's happened, I

can pretend that they

have roused me with

difficulty from a deep

sleep. And one more

ghost story will be added to the Musgrave family collection," laughed Armitage.

With that, he and Kate arranged to meet two days later so that she could hand over the parcel containing the monk's habit. This was to take place on Thursday afternoon, when the other Harradines and their guests were coming to Stonecroft to try the toboggan slide.

Kate and Armitage managed to meet at the appointed time, having excused themselves from the tobogganing party.

"Please be careful," said Kate, handing the parcel to Armitage. "I've heard of people being frightened out of their wits by make-believe ghosts. I'd never forgive myself if Mr Musgrave or Mr Lawley were seriously alarmed."

"I'm more afraid of what they'll do to me if I'm discovered," said Armitage.

Kate smiled at this and the two parted as twilight fell.

Once back at Stonecroft, Armitage took the back staircase to his room. After hiding the monk's habit, he ran downstairs to the drawing room, where his friends were enjoying tea and hot buttered muffins.

"Where have you been?" said Musgrave.

"I went for a walk along the turnpike road," replied Armitage.

Later, after dinner, the three young men sat in the library. Suddenly, as he reached down a book from an upper shelf, Musgrave exclaimed, "Hello! It's my grandfather's diary with his own account of seeing the ghost in the gallery. Lawley, you may read it if you like, but I shan't waste it on an unbeliever like Armitage. What a coincidence! It's forty years tonight since my grandfather saw the monk's ghost." Musgrave handed the book to



Lawley, who read it with close attention.

"Does it persuade you?" asked Armitage.

"I'm still not convinced either way," said Lawley. Musgrave clearly did not wish to discuss the family ghost in Armitage's unsympathetic presence, so they dropped the subject.

The three men retired late, bidding each other good night and closing their bedroom doors behind them. Soon silence fell upon Stonecroft Hall and the hour that Armitage had gleefully anticipated drew near.



Once his two friends were asleep, Armitage began to feel ashamed of his mischievous plot to awaken and scare them both. With a couple of hours still to pass, he sat down to write. As he bent over his desk, the big clock in the hall struck one so suddenly and sharply that he jumped. Lawley's snoring could be heard from the next room. "He must be sleeping deeply not to hear a noise like that!" Armitage thought.

When the clock struck again, Armitage was still at his desk. This time he expected it and it didn't startle him. Only the cold made him shiver. "If I hadn't made up my mind to go through with this mischief, I'd go to bed now," he thought. "But Kate's made the robe, so I've got to wear it."

Yawning, he threw down his pen and rose to look out of the window. It was a clear, frosty night and the moon was rising.

Armitage turned from the window to begin his work. He slipped the white habit over his clothing, then marked dark circles round his eyes and powdered his face a ghastly white. Looking at his ghostly reflection in the mirror, he wished that Kate could see him.

Armitage opened the door and looked out into the gallery. The moonlight shimmered on the end window to the right of his door and Lawley's. It would soon be where he wanted it, making the scene neither too light nor too dark for his plan. Silently he stepped back again to wait. A feeling of nervousness came over him. His heart beat rapidly. He jumped when the silence was suddenly broken by the hooting of an owl. Having taken fright at the deathly pallor of his powdered face, he no longer cared to look at himself in the

mirror. He peered into the gallery. The moon now shone where he intended to stand.

Putting out the light, Armitage stepped out into the gallery, opened the door wide, then slammed it shut with great force. Standing in the pale moonlight in the middle of the gallery, he waited for the door on either side to fly open and reveal the terrified faces of his friends. But there was no response from Musgrave and Lawley. Armitage cursed the ill luck that was making them sleep so heavily.

Slowly, the objects in the long gallery became clearer to Armitage, as his eyes grew used to the dim light. "I never noticed before that there was a mirror at that end!" he thought to himself. "And I didn't realise that the moonlight was bright enough for me to see my own reflection so far off. But

is it my own reflection? It seems to be moving, even though I'm standing still! I know what it is! It's

Musgrave dressed up to frighten me. And Lawley's helping him. That's why they didn't come out



WORD POWER

almanac – a book containing information about the calendar and the movements of stars and planets

cowl – a large hood on a monk's habit

turnpike – a road barrier where travellers must pay a fee

pallor – paleness

shroud – a sheet in which a dead body is wrapped for burial

of their rooms when I slammed the door. We're both playing the same practical joke. Let's see which of us loses his nerve first!"

To Armitage's terror, the white figure glided slowly towards him, its feet not touching the floor. Armitage was determined to hold his ground. But a feeling crept over him that he had never known before. As the thing floated nearer, he opened his dry mouth and let out a hoarse cry.

Startled out of their sleep, Musgrave and Lawley ran to open their doors. In the gallery they saw two ghostly forms in the moonlight. As Armitage tried to push away the horror that approached him, the cowl slipped from his head. His friends recognised his white face, distorted by fear, and sprang towards him. Armitage staggered back into their arms just as the Cistercian monk passed them like a white mist and sank into the wall.

Once the real ghost had gone, Musgrave and Lawley were left alone with the counterfeit, their friend Armitage. They gazed in horror as they realised that he was dead, and that his white costume had become a shroud.

THE END

Next issue: The Shadow by Edith Nesbit

DINOSAURS PUZZLES

IN-FLIGHT CUISINE

How many prehistoric insects can a Pterodactyl eat on an empty stomach?

T-REX NIBBLES

Tyrannosaurus Rex is feeling a bit peckish. Work out the sums to discover which Campsognathus can run fastest and escape becoming a snack.

VEGGIE VINE

Diplodocus is browsing among the trailing forest branches. Answer the questions on the right to find out a few things this veggie dinosaur might like to eat, and a couple it might not fancy. The final letter of each word is the first letter of the next.

1. Goes
2. Bread and filling
3. Warm puppy
4. Lawn growth
5. Savoury liquid
6. Set in ground
7. Small things; trivialities
8. Fires at

FIERCE FACTS

A Velociraptor skeleton and the bones of a Protoceratops have been found locked in the battle that killed them both.

$$37 + 58 \div 5 - 6 \times 7$$

ADDED EGGS

Look closely at the four dinosaur nests below. Each one should contain four eggs laid out in a diamond shape. Can you work out the number of the missing egg?

B

$$15 \times 5 \div 3 + 11$$

A

$$49 - 17 + 14 \div 2 \times 3$$

C

$$96 \div 6 + 4 \times 3$$

D

$$8 \times 21 - 56 \div 8 + 33$$

17

13

22

8

6

11

13

14

15

7

8

4

21

16

9

See if you can find the 16 prehistoric creatures hidden in this grid. Use the left-over letters to discover who stole the egg from the previous page.

ARCHAEOPTERYX
CAMARASAURUS
DIPLODOCUS
EOHIPPIUS
EQUUS
GECKO
IGUANODON
MAMMOTH

PROTOCERAS
 PTERADACTYL
 RAPTORS
 SKINK
 SMILODON
 STEGOSAURUS
 TRICERATOPS
 TYRANNOSAURUS

What do
you call a dinosaur
whose feet hurt?

A Pawsaresorus

ANSWERS

BONE BONUS

Can you add five bones to these six to make nine?

IN-FIGHTER CUISINE: A Pterodactyl can eat only one insect on an empty stomach - after that it's stomach is no longer empty!
 T-REX NOBLES: Compsognathus E can run the fastest.
 ADDED EGGS: The missing egg is numbered 4
 to work it out, add the left-hand egg to the top egg.
 VEGGIE WINES: 1 leaves 2 sandwich 3 holding 4 grass 5 soup 6 plant 7 tilles 8 shoots
 DINO-SQUARE: The missing letters should say the Oviraptors stole the missing egg.
 DONE DONUS:

Have you ever had the feeling that you know who is on the other end of the phone before you pick it up? Or thought you saw someone you recognised in the street, only to turn the corner and meet that very person? Both these experiences could be put down to ESP.

WHAT IS ESP?

ESP (extra-sensory perception) is all about knowing things without having to use the five basic senses: sight, sound, smell, touch and taste. The phrase was coined by J B Rhine (right) who set up a special unit in an American University to try to prove that ESP exists.

There are three weird powers that are classed as ESP. First, transferring thoughts directly from mind to mind, known as telepathy (read about telepathy in SpineChiller number 9). Second, being able to see things that are hidden from the five senses either by talking to the spirit of someone who has already died, or by handling an object to find out about its history or the person it belongs to. This is called clairvoyance, which means 'clear seeing'. Third, being able to see into the future and predict events before they happen. This is called precognition.

but the information was too vague to act on. Three days later David Booth was horrified to see his nightmare re-enacted on television after an American Airlines DC-10 crashed at O'Hare Airport in Chicago. 273 people died!

► READ ALL ABOUT IT!

In 1983, two Chinese children (right) claimed they could 'read' through folded paper placed in the bend of their arm or knee. Below: the drawing on the left is how one of the children 'read' the message.

ESP CASE FILE

Most cases of ESP occur without any warning, which makes it impossible to use them as part of an experiment, or even to benefit from the information.

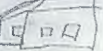
In May, 1979, David Booth from Cincinnati, America had the same nightmare for ten nights in a row. Each night he saw an American Airlines plane crash to the ground in a ball of flames. On 22 May he phoned the Federal Aviation Authority and American Airlines to warn them. They were sympathetic

得丹功政洞武

越站去14步是得丹功武

纸皮置右膝下认取此果如

下



π

$14 + 16 = 2$

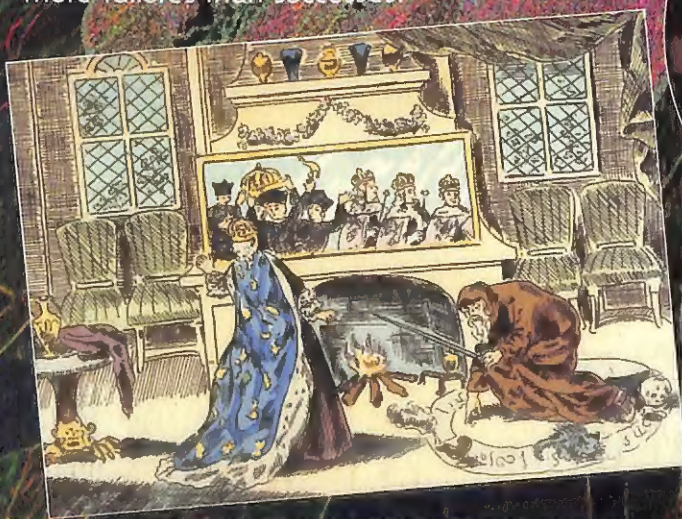
度

A piece of paper with several hand-drawn sketches. At the top, there is a drawing of a house with a chimney and a door. Below the house, the Greek letter π is written. Underneath π , the equation $3.1416 \approx ?$ is written. At the bottom, there is a drawing of a person standing with arms outstretched, and below that, the Chinese character '光' (light) is written.

CONTROLLING ESP

Some people claim to be able to use ESP skills whenever they want to: they are called psychic. Sometimes they use their special powers in order to help other people. A famous clairvoyant called Gerard Croiser from Holland helped the Dutch police on many occasions to locate missing children – although sadly, many of the children had fallen into the Dutch canals and drowned. On one occasion, however, he was contacted by an American University professor whose 24-year-old daughter had disappeared. Croiser told him not to worry, that she was still alive and that the professor would hear something definite at the end of six days. Sure enough, on the sixth day, the young woman returned home.

Whenever a psychic manages to help the police with their investigations there is a blaze of publicity in the newspapers. However, even the psychic investigators admit that they have many more failures than successes.



▲ PROPHETS WHO PREDICT THE FUTURE

The famous mystic Nostradamus lived in the 1500s. Queen Catherine of France commanded him to predict the future of the French royals, which he did using a magic mirror.



◀ MISSED WARNING

In 1882 William Stead (above) published a story about a liner, lacking lifeboats, sunk by an iceberg. He died on the doomed 'Titanic' in 1912 when it sank after hitting an iceberg.



BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Many psychic researchers have carried out special tests to try to prove that ESP exists. On the whole it seems there is no definite proof that ESP exists – but then again, there is no definite proof that it doesn't! What do you believe?



◀ PSYCHIC DETECTIVES

By handling personal items Australian psychic detective Glennys Mackay hopes to locate a missing person.

